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"J.A. MITCHELL."

THE WAIL OF THE MARTYR.

"THERE IS NO GETTING O-ON WITH LO! ALL I DID WAS TO WITHHOLD HIS FOO-FOOD AND BLANKETS, KICK HIM OUT OF HIS RESER-V-ATION, SELL HIM SAND FOR FLOUR, KEEP HIM DRUNK ON CHEAP WHI-HISKEY, AND NOW, JUST BECAUSE HIS PEOPLE ARE STARVING AND THERE IS NO REDRESS, HE GETS MA-MAD AND THER-REATENS TO STRIKE ME!"

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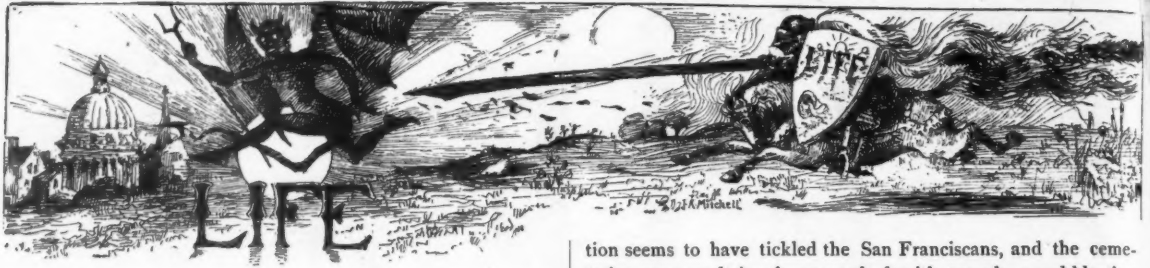
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VOL. III. MARCH 27TH, 1884. NO. 65.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE following opinions will be received with great enthusiasm:—

Dallas, Tex., March 21st.—Mr. HANS ZWEIBLITZEN, keeper of the most prominent ten-pin alley in this city, to-day expressed the opinion that if Mr. ARTHUR were nominated and received most votes he would be elected.

Oshkosh, Wis., March 21st.—The ARTHUR boom has created great excitement here. Many persons seem to be anxious to know who he is.

Sedalia, Mo., March 20th.—If nine-tenths of the Federal patronage can be secured to them, there is no doubt but that local politicians will go strongly in favor of Mr. ARTHUR.

Salem, Ala., March 21st.—A club of colored citizens was formed here last night for the purpose of giving pic-nics to discuss Mr. ARTHUR and watermelons. The Hon. EPHRAIM BOMBSHELL, a prominent artist and kalsominer, was elected chairman. The club already numbers fourteen and six more names are promised, if funds can be raised to provide them with uniforms.

Brownsville, Tex., March 21st.—The post-office and custom house officials have unanimously declared for Mr. ARTHUR.

A CHEERFUL practice is undermining the cemeteries of San Francisco. The price of cadavers having advanced steadily for four years, the medical colleges found a scarcity of good reliable subjects. The sawbones therefore clubbed together and hired a venal sexton to make a midnight raid upon the graveyards lining San Francisco's favorite drive, and anticipate the day of reckoning for a small consideration. Things ran smoothly until last month, when an able-bodied savant was buried. A burst of thunder sound startled the citizens the following night; there was a patter of buttons and coffin nails upon roofs far and wide, and the sexton's wife awoke next morning to find herself a widow. It seems that the savant, a doctor himself, had directed a quantity of dynamite and fulminating silver to be interred with him, and the unsuspecting caterer to the college was thus trapped. The simple ingenuity and effectiveness of the inven-

tion seems to have tickled the San Franciscans, and the cemeteries are now being honeycombed with torpedoes and blasting powder, fuses and percussion caps to such an extent that the science of anatomy is practically brought to an end.

"WHY should the song die in thy throat?" inquires Ella Wheeler in the *Chicago Tribune*. Because it is natural. The song could n't die in his pocket or his boots. The only place it can curl up conveniently and go to rest is just where you have mentioned. And, if you have any rightful emotion in your soul, let it stay dead, just where it is, and pray against resurrection.

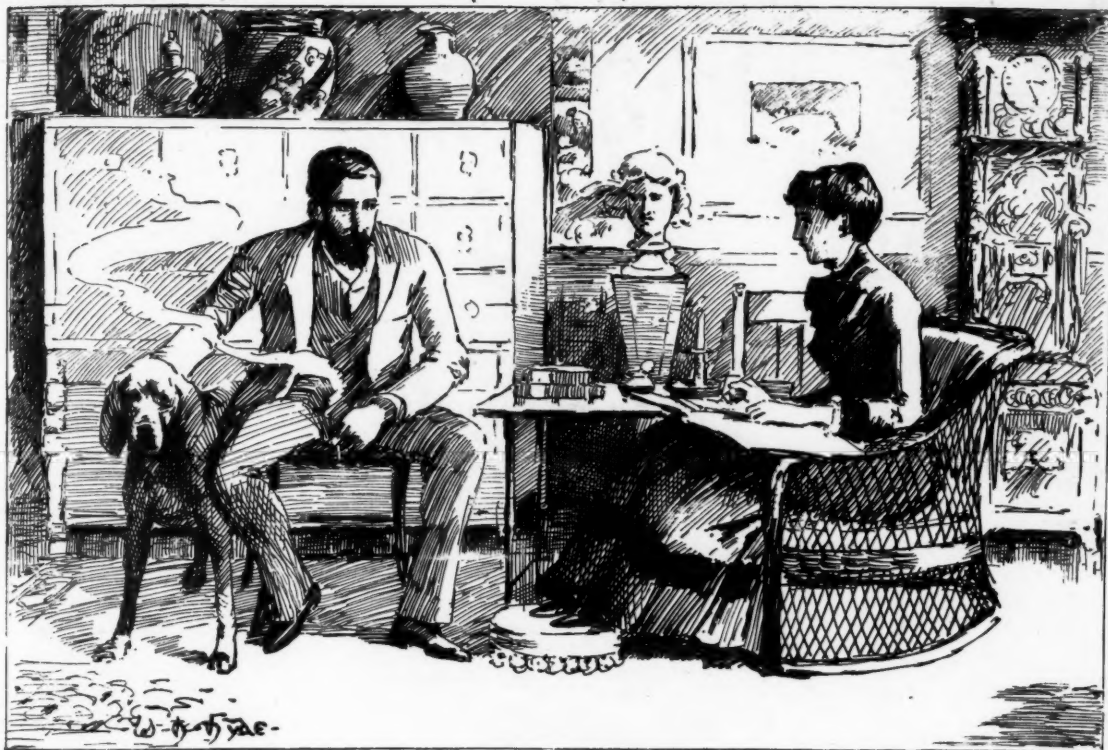
OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, has abandoned its beautiful pursuit of the fierce, fictitious bear, and taken to cats. In a recent issue it sets forth that a gentle and Staten Island cat was decoyed from her home by ruthless boys and set adrift in a skiff. That a cruel wind arose and blew the skiff into the channel, where, clasped in the arms of the tide, the frail bark drifted out with its burden of despair and cat to the boundless sea. For nine days the merciless *Sun* keeps the cat afloat, tossing tempestuously and seventy miles from land. To slake its thirst the *Sun* invents a bailing pan into which the pitying clouds weep, and to feed it, a limited number of unselfish flounders are persuaded by the *Sun* to leap from their briny home into the boat, thrice daily and at proper hours. Thus nourished by a frugal diet of fish, the cat is ripe for rescue, and on the ninth day the *Sun* has a convenient schooner heave to, pick up the boat and cat and return them to Staten Island and happiness. The Republican party must go.

SEVENTEEN men were smoking cigarettes in a car last week. Three other men entered. In four minutes one of them died and the other two were insensible. There is doubtless a deep and searching moral in this, but the fact that all the smokers escaped shows how inscrutable are the ways of Providence.

THE malice of some men is beyond understanding. The editor of the *Philadelphia Sunday Transcript* announces that all poems sent to his paper will hereafter be published just as written.

MR. ARTHUR has the approval of Tom Ochiltree. The Republican party has tried to hush it up, but the fact remains, and it really seems now that the country will have to fall back on Mr. Blaine.

IT is said that but 15,000 copies of QUEEN VICTORIA's book have been sold, but that they have been noticed to an extent not equaled since the days of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

She: "ONLY GIVE UP SMOKING FOR ONE YEAR, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH TOBACCO AGAIN."

He: "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, I DID NOT SMOKE ONCE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, AND THEN I BEGAN AND ENJOYED IT HUGELY."

She: "FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VERY YOUNG WHEN YOU BEGAN."

He: "I WAS FIFTEEN."

SMILE FORTUNE!

"Geld ist rund und rollt weg."

HEINE.

ALL vows of thrift my soul abjures
While my cup is full to the brim:
The world, the flesh or the devil lures,
And though Poverty lurks like a goblin grim,
I'll stint and save some other day,
For money is round and rolls away.

The clinking coin gathers rust and mold
When hoarded by itching palms;
Blue eyes are brighter than discs of gold,
And I girdle the glad earth in my arms.
If love is true, true love will stay,
But money is round and rolls away.

In the spheres above let my spirit roam,
Where there's nothing to win or lose;
While I live in the world I am never at home,
And light my pipe with my "I. O. U.'s."
When my ship comes in all debts I'll pay,
For money is round and rolls away.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

A YOUNG lady who attempts to capture more than seven beaus, always tries to fascinate. There now!

THE RETURN OF MR. ARNOLD.

OUR distinguished foreign guest, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has left us. We have treated him as well as we knew how, and it is no fault of his friends here if the Philistine, that hobgoblin of a poet's dreams, pats himself self-complacently on the breast, as before, and Emerson sits as serenely on his throne as ever. In his forthcoming book Mr. Arnold may propitiate the rash judgments, delivered on the lecture platform, of our literary idols by dilating on the merits of the American cocktail and the urbanity of newspaper reporters. We await the book with great interest. The day may yet come when it shall be asked, "Who reads an English book?" But just now we are eager to read any book that strips off our masks and reveals us as we are in the searching light of criticism.



Grandpapa: "BE CAREFUL, SIR, IF YOU BREAK ANOTHER DISH, I SHALL HAVE TO WHIP YOU AGAIN, AND NOW THAT YOU ARE GETTING OLDER, I HOPE THESE WHIPPINGS MAY BE DISCONTINUED."

Tommy: "YOU BET! AS I GET OLDER, I SHALL GET BIGGER AND YOU MAY GET WALLOPED YOURSELF."

We do not wince under the playful taps of the schoolmaster's rod on our bump of self-esteem. If there is a note of provincialism in our literature, or false taste is debasing our standards of art, it is time the fact was pointed out by men who are competent to decide for us.

But our main interest in Mr. Arnold's book will centre in a nice differentiation of the various types of Philistinism. Our literary taste is not so hopelessly bad but that we may become good judges of the merits of a cook-book; and as Dickens left it on record that the American cocktail is a nectar with which the gods may not be ashamed to wet their whistles, it were folly for Mr. Arnold to dispraise either. The Philistine, however, is a product of the soil here as well as in England. When Heine, in his *Reise Bilder*, invented the term Philistine, it was meant to include the Berliners, whom he spurned and hated next to Englishmen. The poet might have hurled the epithet at Mr. Arnold himself had he appeared before him incognito at *table d'hôte* in the inn at Cassel. Whether this would have been at all deserved it is not becoming in us to say; for Philistinism is an elastic phrase, when

we consider how many types there are; and to call men Philistines is a courageous act, inasmuch as they may retort with withering sarcasm by saying that they have been attacked with the same weapon as that with which Samson slew the enemy. Mr. Arnold is not lacking in courage, and if he thinks the American Philistine a lower product of civilization than his British prototype, he will not hesitate to say so. He has already said that, in accessibility to ideas, we have the advantage of the British Philistine; but he may see fit to reverse the judgment. No effort has been spared to acquaint Mr. Arnold with Philistinism in this country. Nor have the Philistines sought to evade the apostle of sweetness and light and hide their ears under a Phrygian cap. Secretary Chandler's exhibition at Washington may not have been highly creditable to our national resources and taste, but Mr. Arnold has lectured in Chicago and Boston; and though we are all fated to be leashed and bound in one category, we may indulge in the faint hope that, among the higher caste, a select few are tasting of sweetness and seeking the light, and may thus take courage in the pursuit of perfection. H. V. S.

THE humanity of the pork butcher is superior to that of the physician, in that the physician must either kill or cure; while the butcher may kill and cure both.

THE virtuoso in pipes may always be suited if he will invest in a stove-pipe.

A GOOD test of insolvency—Protest.

FALLING dew—A ten days' note.

LETTERS of credit—I. O. U.

"HAVE you anything against Brother Watson?"

"Nuffin', boss; not de fust thing. Only he's a clergyman. But he *may* be an hones' man for all dat."

THE lost chord—A missing woodpile.

GOETHE was the first Philistine to crave "More light," and he might also have tasted of sweetness and lucidity had he poked his nose into the efflorescence of the nineteenth century and read my books.—Matthew Arnold.



MR. BUNNER'S VERSES, AND THE IDEAL GIRL.

IT is as pleasant as a reunion of friends whom we have met in many places, at home and far away, to sit down, for an hour's sociability, with H. C. Bunner's "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" as a companion. Many of these verses are old friends of ours, which, perchance, we feared were hopelessly scattered over the world in magazines and papers. This dainty little volume, with its beautiful typography, neat binding and gilt top, appeals to us doubly through memory and anticipation. Who does not remember the coquettish verses called "Candor," which were copied in the poet's corner of almost every paper in the country? And who would not feel pleasure in reading them over again? And here are the verses called "The Hour of Shadows," which are still on their journey across the continent or, possibly, are just now fresh on the pages of some paper at the Golden Gate. Perhaps Mr. Bunner has made more friends by the laughter he has caused, but those who like him best listen for the sigh which follows the smile. And these will turn oftenest to the sad poem called "Triumph," or to the best of the whole volume, the four lines "To a Dead Woman":

Not a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend!
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

"BACHELOR BLUFF" has serious designs on the brotherhood of celibates. No lonely tenant of a cheerless hall bed-room can read Mr. O. B. Bunce's "My House: An Ideal" without some sober thoughts of breaking away from the allurements of a gas stove, green cottage furniture and the prize chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," and of building on the wide plains of New Jersey a local habitation where taste, comfort, order and good-will may reign, despite the ravages of malaria, mosquitos and two hours a day in a suffocating car. That which calls for highest praise in this book is a vigorous protest against every kind of sham in house building or furnishing. The first condition for an ideal house is that everything should be what it appears. There should be a sequel to this book, "My Wife: An Ideal." How entirely out of place would the modern girl be in a house utterly devoid of shams! Thousands are waiting, Mr. Bachelor Bluff, for the Ideal Girl.

READERS of those fascinating stories, "John Brent," "Cecil Dreeme," and "The Silver Skates," will welcome, now more than twenty years since their author's untimely death, the "Life and Poems of

Theodore Winthrop," edited by his sister. The story of his life is told mainly by extracts from his journal and letters.—The author of "Helen's Babies" appeals to his constituency again with a novel of village life, spiced with a country commotion and a plot, called "The Bowsham Puzzle."

DROCH.

* * *

THE "Beacon," an entertaining weekly, recently started in Boston, comes to us every Saturday and is full of good reading. We find it rather too much like a daily paper in size and shape, but one gets more than his money's worth, both in quantity and quality, and we wish it every success.

SOME DAY.

(REVISED EDITION.)

I.

I KNOW not when the day shall be,
I know not where our paths may part;
How soon you 'll have forgotten me,
How soon I 'll win another's heart.
It may not be until our vow
Is broken in another way;
But courts are so obliging now,
I 'm sure to shake you off some day.

II.

I know not what the world will think,
I care not what our set may say;
But what it costs to break the link,
If only comes that happy day.
And when Justitia's winked her eye,
And I am { master } of my fate,
 { mistress }
I 'll bid you a relieved "Good-bye,"
And nestle with another mate.

Chorus.

Some day, some day, some day I shall shake you,
Though I know not when nor how, though I know not when
nor how;
Only this, only this, this—that once you loved me;
Only this—you pleased me once, but tire me now, but tire
me now.

B. F.

A PLEDGE of Affection.—Pawning the wedding ring.

AN ill wind that blows nobody good.—A fellow in love spooning his blasted hopes into a trombone.

"WHY, my gracious!" exclaimed old Mrs. Simpson, looking up from the newspaper, "if they hain't got them sparrers out in San Francisco. And they're fightin' thar jist as bad as they do here. They're bad birds, though they do call 'em by pet names. One of 'em's called Sullivan, and was brought all the way from Boston. Law!"

VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

YES, volunteers are wanted! Volunteers for a jovial little excursion to a climate somewhat cooler than our own, and where there are no mosquitos; where frozen limbs, scurvy, starvation, and consumption can be had for the asking—and often without it.

Men are preferred who can rise superior to our own effeminate modes of life, and appreciate the luxuries of an Arctic career.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," O gentle explorer! and when your nose and both feet are frozen and you finally give up all hope of ever tasting food again your heart will be sicker than sickness itself.

But the papers will be full of you, and other excursions will be fitted out for your relief. If you never return there are many (about sixty millions) who will say "Why weep? It was his own choosing."

In certain obscure towns and remote villages, however, there are tender-hearted old people who will swallow the oft repeated statement that you went there in the cause of science.

But they are rapidly dying out.

Far be it from us to make light of human suffering. We only regret that such an expensive and painful form of suicide should be officially recognized and encouraged by the Government.

WM. H. — is to have a bust in the new Eden Musée in Twenty-third street. It seems a strange place to have a bust; but W. H. V. knows best. May be he, having tried it at home, thinks he will now try it somewhere else. Who pays the score?

A HIGH old time—The sun.

THE RADIATOR.

A STUDY IN THE MODERN STYLE OF COLLOQUIAL FICTION.

SCENE, the chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Ellston in an apartment hotel. Time, three A. M. The silence of the night is unbroken save by the regular breathing of the sleepers, until suddenly from the steam-radiator bursts a sound like the discharge of a battery of forty-pound guns.

Mrs. E. (springing up in bed): "Oh! eh? what is that?"

Her husband moves uneasily in his sleep, but does not reply. The noise of the sledge-hammer score of the Anvil Chorus rings out from the radiator.

Mrs. E.: "George! George! Something is going to happen! Do wake up, or we shall be murdered in our sleep!"

Mr. E. (With mingled ferocity and amusement): "There is small danger of anybody's being murdered in his sleep, my dear, where you are. It's only that confounded radiator; it's always making some sort of an infernal tumult. It can't do any harm."

Mrs. E.: "But it will wake baby."

Mr. E.: "Well, if it does, the nurse can get him to sleep again, I suppose."

From the room adjoining is heard a clattering din, as if all the kettles and pans in the house were being thrown violently across the floor.

Mrs. E.: "There! The nursery radiator has begun. I must go and get baby."

Mr. E.: "Let baby alone. If the youngster will sleep, for heaven's sake let him. The steam-pipes make noise enough for this time of night, one would think, without your taking the trouble to wake baby."

Mrs. E. (With volumes of reproach in her tone): "Your own little baby! You never loved him as his mother does."

The disturbances now assume the likeness to a thoroughly inebriated drum corps practising upon sheet-iron air-tight stoves.

Mr. E.: "Of all unendurable racketts—"

A sudden and sharp boom interrupts him. Mrs. Ellston screams, while her husband indulges in language which although somewhat inexcusably forcible, is yet to be regarded as not unnatural under the circumstances.

Mrs. E.: "Oh, George, do n't swear. It always seems so much worse to swear in danger; like tempting Providence, and I know there's going to be an explosion!"

Mr. E. (severely): "Do n't talk nonsense! The engineer has gone to sleep and left the drafts open, that's all. Do n't be so absurd."

There is another fusillade from the radiator, reinforced by the reverberations from the nursery, where a regiment of artillery seem to have begun target practice.

Mrs. E.: "I *will* go and get my baby! I know—Oh, George, just hear it crash! Do get up and put the screen in front of it; that may turn off the pieces so they won't come this way."

Mr. E. (scornfully): "Pieces of what? Noise?"

Mrs. E.: "How can you make fun! If the engineer has gone to sleep, he's sure to blow up the whole hotel. I'm going to get up and dress myself and take baby over to mother's!"

Mr. E. (With calm but cutting irony): "At three o'clock in the morning? Shall you walk or call a carriage?"

Mrs. E. (Beginning to sob in a dry and perfunctory fashion): "Oh, you are too cruel! You are perfectly heartless. I wonder you do n't take that dear little innocent baby and hold him between you and the radiator for a shield."

Mr. E.: "That might be a good scheme, my dear, only the little beggar would probably howl so that I have n't really the moral courage to wake him."

The indignant reply of Mrs. Ellston is lost in the confused sound of the brays of a drove of brazen donkeys which appear to be disporting themselves in the radiator. The noise of mighty rushing waters, the clanking of chains, the din of a political convention, the characteristic disturbances of a hundred factories and machine shops, with the deafening whirr of all the elevated railways in the universe follow in turn.

Mrs. E.: "I *will* go and get my baby, and I will go to mother's; and, what is more, we will never, never come back!"

Mr. E.: "Oh, just as you please about going, my dear; only you know that if you desert my bed and board, the law gives the boy to me."

Mrs. E.: "I do n't believe it's any such thing; and if it is, it is because men made the law. Women would n't take a baby away from its mother."

Mr. E.: "Have what theories you choose, my dear, only please let me get a few crumbs of sleep now the radiator has had the mercy to subside."

Mrs. E.: "You are a brute, and I won't ever speak to you again!"

A WARNING TO MAIDENS,

PARTICULARLY TO THOSE WHO MARRY FROM A LOVE FOR THEOLOGY, MUSIC, LITERATURE OR ART,
AS THE CHANCES ARE THAT THEY WILL BECOME



AN AMANUENSIS,



AN ORGAN BLOWER,



A NIGHT EDITOR,

SOLE agent—the shoe-maker.

Soul agent—the minister.

Sol agent—General Hazen.

“We sat by the river, you and I,”
and both went home and had chills.

A PAWNBROKER is deserving of
sympathy. He is a lone creature.

SUGGESTIONS to the North River
Tunnel Company. Engage President
Arthur or any other celebrity, for a
week, and a score of reporters. Place
them at either end, and your boring
will be accomplished.



OR AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

THE Old Bey State—Turkey.

A CATCH question—Will he muff
it?

A NEGRO can keep a secret—that
is, he always keeps dark.

If you wish to avoid a blow, do n't
go out in the wind.—Sullivan.

A MAN good at putting too and
too together.—Oscar Wilde.

WHAT a police magistrate said to
a pair of would-be duellists. “I'll
let you off this time, but by Jove! if
you're brought before me again,
I'll bind you both over to fight.”

She firmly assumes a stony silence, and the radiator, after a few concluding ejaculations and metallic objurgations, also relapses into comparative stillness. Mr. Elkton's breathing begins to give strong indications that slumber has re-descended upon his weary frame.

Mrs. E. (starting up with the inspiration of an entirely new and startling idea): George! George! George!

Mr. E. (with less good humor than might be desired): “Eh?”

Mrs. E.: “Wasn't it wonderful for baby to sleep through it all?”

Mr. E. (Drowsily): “Yes; droll little beggar. His mother was n't in the nursery to wake him, though.”

Mrs. E.: “You don't suppose there is anything the matter with him? George; George, I say; you do n't suppose the reason he sleeps so soundly is because he's sick?”

To this conundrum Mr. Ellston offers no solution, and equally passes in silence queries in regard to the probability of the nurse's being awake, alive, well-disposed and able to take care of baby in case of emergency. Mrs. Ellston sighs with the desperation of long-suffering anguish, and once more stillness reigns in the chamber. The lady again arouses herself, however, from an apparently sound nap, to ask in penetrating tones:

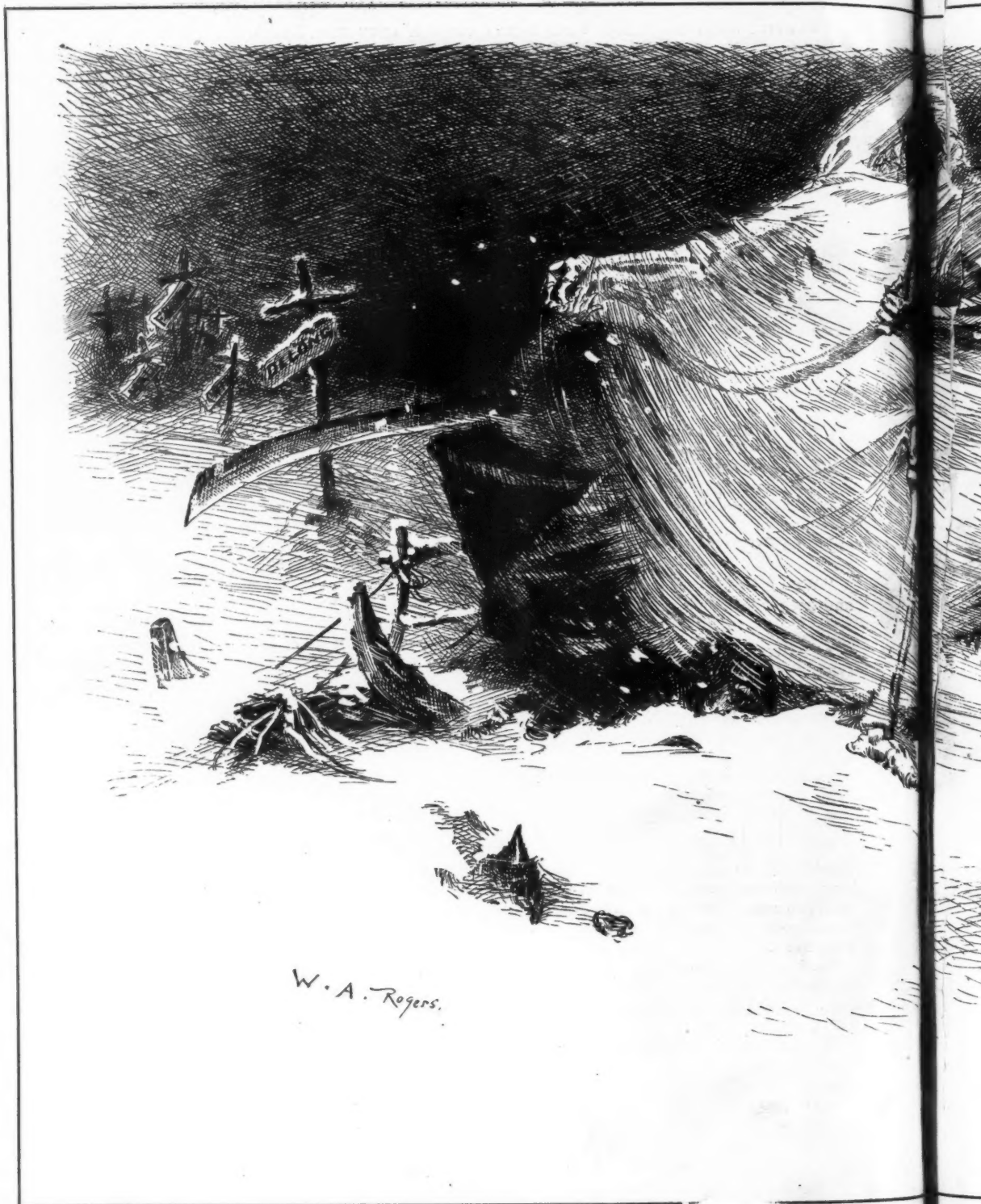
“George, do you think it will begin all over again?”

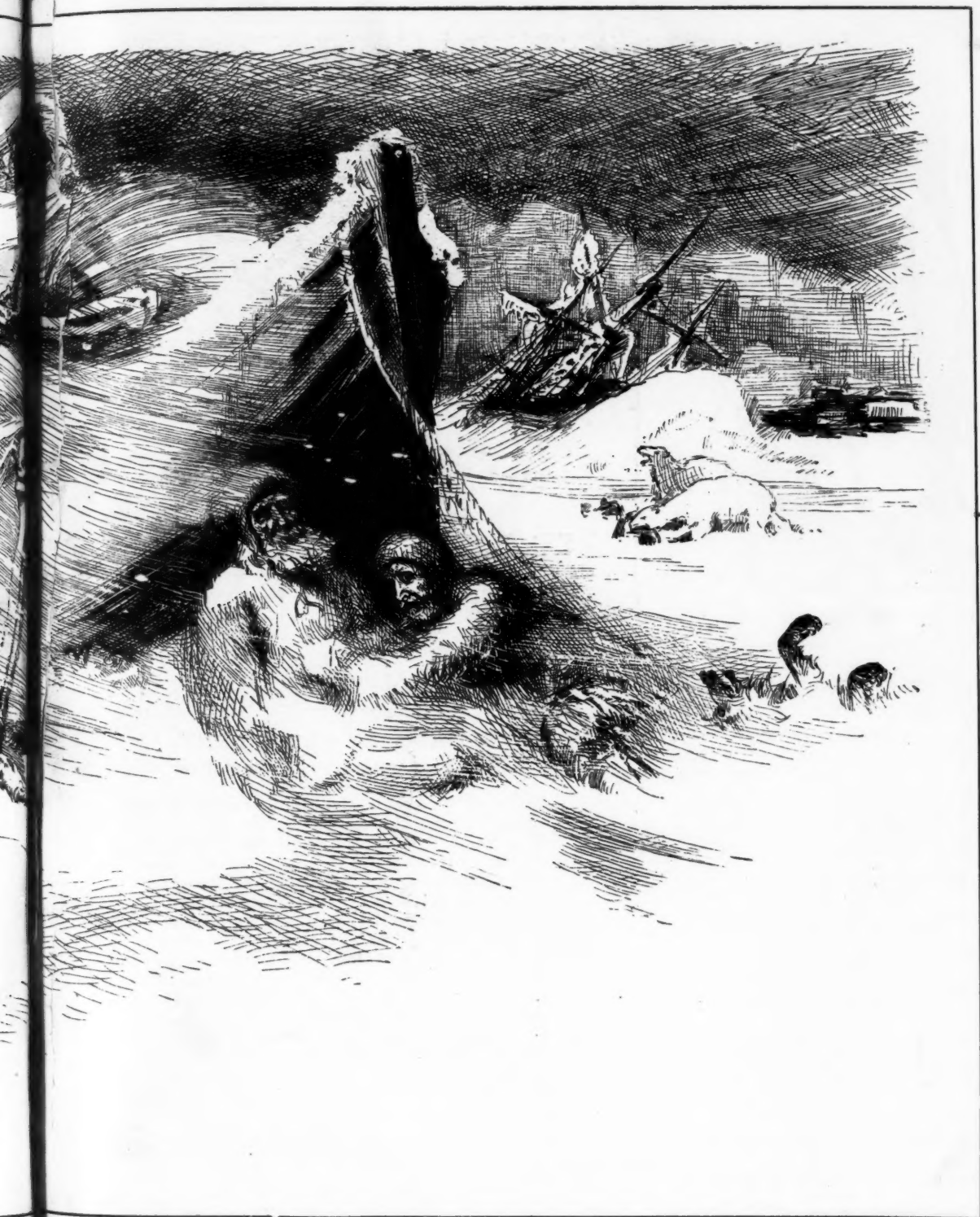
To which her brutal worse half grumbles out the reply:

“No; and that's where it is more endurable than a woman!”

At which the radiator gives a chuckle so apt as to suggest the possession of a sinister consciousness on the part of that noisy instrument of torture. Mrs. Ellston groans with the discouraged conviction that she is but one against two, and upon this theory at length consents to resume her interrupted slumbers.

ARLO BATES.





UNT WANTED !



1. A DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN



2. A PIECE OF SOAP

3. COMBINATION

SNOW-TRACK.

"*Ou sont les neiges d'autan!*"—FRANCOIS VILLON.

IT seems to-night as though I walked
The olden, snow-clad way with you;
It seems this hour as though I talked
Of what the stars withheld from view.

I feel again the white flakes crisp
And yield beneath our loitering feet;
I hear the Winter's sere leaves lisp
Suggestions of a Spring complete.

Your clinging pressure binds my arm,
Your blonde hair blows across my face;
Around me lingers all your charm,
My soul responds to all your grace;

And then, lost love, the lights burn low,
The chill is here, my pulses slack;
The way we two no more may know
Has lost all memory of our track.

J. M.

THE Charge of the Light Brigade.—The gas-bill.

DAMAGING to the tiles.—Cricket on the Hearth.

A "JOB" lot—Tammany heelers.

MRS. MALONEY KEEPS LENT.

"'TIS foine wheather we're afther havin' this
Lint, Missus Maloney!"

"Thru far ye, Missus McCarthy. Barrin' the wit
wheather, it's bin a dhry saysin."

"Have ye bin kapin Lint with arl yer accoostomed
consisthency, Missus Maloney?"

"Wil, Missus McCarthy, Dinnis an' me thought the
quistion ovher an' oi sez, 'Dinny, darlint, phwat'll
we shwear off this year?' 'Shwear off,' sez he; 'phwat
far?' 'Lint,' sez oi. 'So 't is,' sez he. 'T is phwat?'
sez oi. 'Lint,' sez he. 'How many toimes hev ye bin
ter the theayter?' sez he. 'None,' sez oi. 'Did ye go
ter the Ould Gyard Ball?' sez he. 'Divil a wan,' sez
oi. 'Have oi tuk ye ter Dilmonico's?' sez he. 'Niver,
sez oi. 'Thin,' sez he, 'we'll shwear off goin' no-
phwere an' commence goin' somephwere.' An' with
that he tuk me ter see Edwin Boots, the imminent tra-
joodian, play Boucicault in the Fool's Revinge.
That's how oi'm kapin Lint."

"Moi luv ter yer hoosband, Missus Maloney."

"The same ter yours. Wan fayre shwap ain't no
burghary. Gudday!"

And the two daughters of Erin parted.

J. K. B.



2. A TOY PISTOL

A MISCHIEVOUS BOY



3. COMBINATION

POPULAR DISEASES AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

V. DYSPEPSIA.

THIS charming and lucrative disease is so popular and recommendable that a discussion of its side-issues may be omitted, except that it is distinguished from piety by those who know both.

Only the best modes of acquiring it will be discussed.

The aspirant for dyspeptic pleasures must retire late on his or her own full stomach. Archæological cheese is a good article to eat at night, preferably in the form of Welsh rare-bits, followed by fried sausage.

On awakening in the morning the person who seeks dyspepsia must devote thoughts to everything that is disagreeable—the iniquities of a disreputable relative, for instance. Then it will be found easy to cultivate a whining voice and a disdain for nutritious food and exercise.

Great care must be given to avoid all semblance of enjoyment of life, as it is vulgar and avoids dyspepsia.

"Soft and rich" things, such as chocolate marren-gues, slate-pencils and artificial vinegar alone or to-

gether are highly recommended in place of beef, eggs and milk. After a hearty meal of them a sensational novel with plenty of chewing gum and a cigarette or two, will help materially.

Ample exercise should be given the tongue; the other parts of the body should enjoy continual rest.

Coffee and tea, both very strong and very hot, should be taken copiously and immediately followed by large draughts of ice-water.

Garments should be worn very tight about the waist. A steam derrick or pile-driver may be advantageously employed to fasten clothing and thus improve nature's designs.

All varieties of dyspepsia are equally desirable. Their names almost indicate how they can be acquired and no one need complain of inability to radically reform the human race, which dyspepsia is sure to do.

In summarizing the principal forms, it must be borne in mind that a diet of cold pumpkin-pie 1 lb., pop-corn $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and cold water 1 gallon, each morning on rising will help the cause.

Moral dyspepsia can be rapidly acquired by carefully disregarding the ten commandments and chewing cheap tobacco. When the latter article is not obtainable, a dear one may be substituted.



DISCOURAGING.

Son (exultantly): WELL, PA, I CALLED ON JENKINS & BIGBEE, THE TEA MERCHANTS, AND, D'YE KNOW, THEY TOOK ME FOR AN ENGLISHMAN.

Father (disconsolate): THEN, OF COURSE, THEY DID N'T TAKE YOU FOR ANYTHING ELSE. I DID HOPE THEY COULD USE YOU FOR A TEACUP WASHER, AT LEAST.



SOME NOTES.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY is the great American localizer—if I may be permitted to use that expression. Moreover, when Mr. Daly has a good idea, he does not give it up until he has exhausted it. At the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, years ago, he won success chiefly out of pieces adapted from the French, and he followed this line of adaptation in the most persistent and brilliant way. At the end, perhaps, it led him into trouble; but that was, I think, because Mr. Daly, who has the eccentricities of very clever men, made some rash and useless experiments. Since his new theatre has been established, he has taken up German farce and has turned many tolerably stupid plays into bright local skits, managed with admirable theatrical knowledge and always acted with triumphant spirit. It is really difficult to find any suggestion of sauerkraut and Bismarck in pieces like "Needles and Pins," "An Arabian Night," "Dollars and Sense," and "Seven Twenty-eight." They are trifles light as air, yet with effective touches of satire, humor, and American character in them. They are bright trifles, at any rate, and the public here take pleasure in them. What is more to the point, they bring out the talent of Mr. Daly's fine, lively, well-balanced company of actors.

"Red Letter Nights" is the latest of Mr. Daly's German-American farces. It is in five acts, or, as the programme puts it, in four acts and a kirmess. The kirmess which was given last year, and which was exceedingly popular, so popular indeed that it will be repeated this year after Lent, inspired Mr. Daly's local *faire* at once. He observed a fresh opportunity in the kirmess. Unluckily, the kirmess, as it is seen in "Red Letter Nights," is the least entertaining part of his new farce. There is too much variety-hall jingle in it, too much outlandish buffoonery. At the

first performance of the piece, the audience was bored by this spectacular excrement. However, the excrement has been refitted judiciously, and the play, as it stands, is sprightly and amusing. The plot is an oft-told tale and is not worth thinking over. Miss Rehan, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Drew, Mr. Parker, Miss Fielding, Miss Dreher, Mr. Fisher, Mrs. Gilbert, and other members of the company furnish all the fun that is in "Red Letter Nights," and put a good deal of their own fun into it.

It is understood that "Red Letter Nights" is the last play that Mr. Daly will offer during the present season, and that he will take his company to England in July. I have no doubt that his frolicsome and light-hearted players will amuse the foggy Londoners.

Meanwhile, as a sort of *trait-d'union*, Mr. Barrett has gone to London and will bring forward at Mr. Irving's theatre that strong and original play, "Yorick's Love." The fact that Mr. Howells, who is a popular novelist on the other side, arranged this play from a Spanish drama and wrote the simple, nervous English in which it is expressed, will probably command attention for it.

Mr. Campbell's weak and shallow play, "Separation"—weak and shallow in spite of its good intentions, which were commented upon philosophically in this column more than a month ago—shows no staying power at the Union Square Theatre. Various persons have cried it up, as they cry up Mr. Campbell's wares invariably. But "Separation" is like a man who starts to run around a block and is soon found clinging to the nearest lamp-post, exhausted and panting. "Separation" has already run itself out. It is only clinging to the stage. At the fiftieth performance the theatre was about half filled. Mr. Campbell might make a more vigorous play out of "Separation" by re-writing it and by giving some vague purpose at least to the fourth and fifth acts.

The festive Max Freeman, whose libretto for "Orpheus and Eurydice" was worse than the chills, is at his tricks again. He has undertaken, I am told, to improve Mr. Farnie's version of Meilhac and Halévy's "La Vie Parisienne." This version, which is known as "La Vie," was produced last week at the Bijou Opera House. But, before it was given, Mr. Freeman added a few ornamental scollops to it. Farnie was bad enough—a beef-eating librettist who vulgarized the French piece with unkind perversity—but Farnie and Freeman together would not fail to snuff the light of the moon if they could get near enough to that celestial orb. "La Vie" is wretched drivel, though it is shown in good scenery and makes some display of ripe womanhood. The music is by Offenbach, and is, for the most part, badly sung.

At the Metropolitan Opera House there is the customary exhibition of satins and silks on three nights of the week, and some of our first families are not afraid to dazzle us with their alabaster necks and arms. Mr. Abbey also gives performances on these nights.

G. E. M.

ENJOYMENT.

Charming Young Lady, loq.:—"Oh, I have had such a lovely time with Grace this afternoon; we were so delighted to see each other that we both talked so fast the other could n't get in a word!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

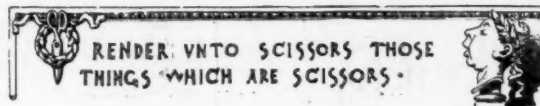
REV. J. P. N-N.—If our memory serves us it was not Moses who wrote "Numbers," but Matthew Arnold.

BARON TENNYSON.—Your poem on "Spring" will parse, but at present we are not paying more than five dollars a line for poetry, and accordingly it is declined with thanks.

ANTHONY C—K.—We heartily approve of your suggestion to drape the statues of Venus in our museums and picture galleries with crinoline and balbriggans. The height of art is to conceal art.

MR. RICHARD G—T W—E.—It seems probable that the slang phrase, "I'll knock the spots out of you," has a classical origin and significance. Literally, to knock the spots out of a man is to annihilate him. Annihilate is derived from *nihilum*, and *nihilum* is compounded of *ni* and *hilum*, the latter meaning almost anything you please. Enough is now known to enable Macaulay's schoolboy to discover the logical nexus between the colloquialism, "I'll knock the spots out of you," and the word *nihilum*, from whence we get the expression.

U. S. G—T.—It is hardly credible that the leaning tower of Pisa is the tower of Babel; and, if so, we do not know what machinery the ancients employed in removing it to its present site. We cannot verify the quotation from the *Sagan af Agli Skallagrimssyni* or enlighten you in regard to the original form and attributes of the living antecedent of the protoplasm. We refer you to Joseph Cook.



A CHICAGO man got hold of the wrong jug the other day and took a big drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whiskey and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening; but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You did n't mean to, I'm sure," she responded; "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the point turning outward."—*Amherst Student*.

M. DAUDET takes his notebook everywhere. Once it is related he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that had slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into a novel."—*The Tribune*.

DANIEL WEBSTER once proved that he was the handsomest man in New England. "Boston," said he, "is the handsomest town in New England. Tremont is the handsomest street in Boston. Scollay's are the handsomest buildings in Tremont street, Christopher Gore's office is the handsomest room in Scollay's building, and I am (now) the handsomest man in Christopher Gore's office—ergo, I am the handsomest man in New England."—*Free Press*.

NOT IN THE SERVICE.

SOME heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails, and flung them into the cellar of a Connecticut church. They kept pretty quiet till about the middle of the sermon, when they began to complain, and the pastor sternly remarked: "Will the choir please wait till its services are required?" And the choir denied making any noise; and finally, after long search, the sexton found and removed the cats. And everybody is laughing at the choir, and the way the members thereof are mad at the pastor goes ahead of the wrath of the maiden ladies who owned the cats.—*Boston Post*.

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UNTRUE, OF COURSE.—Boston journalism is rising a little above the dead level. *The Baltimore American* man recently wired *The Boston Post* man to know if he wanted a special about the birth of a tattooed baby. Electricity flashed back in the twinkling of a lamb's tail. "No; we keep an able liar of our own."—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal*.

Two young ladies of literary tastes in Clinton were discussing their reading, when one of them remarked: "I have been engaged with a delightful work for a week past." "Indeed! What is it?" "Anthony Trollope's autobiography." "Who is the author?" "Really, I don't know. I have looked over the title-page and through the preface, but I can't find any reference to the author at all. Whoever it is, is a charming writer and seems to have known the novelist very intimately." "I'll get it and read it; but it is too provoking, is n't it? that so many delightful authors of late are writing anonymously."—*Merchant Traveler*.

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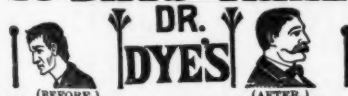
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